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Volume LXXVI CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 17, 1916 Number 25

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE LIGHTS OF HOME

Pilot, how far from home?—
  Not far, not far tonight,
  A flight of spray, a sea-bird's flight,
A flight of tossing foam,
And then the lights of home!

And, yet again, how far?
  Seems you the way so brief?
  Those lights beyond the roaring reef
Were lights of moon and star,
Far, far, none knows how far!

Pilot, how far from home?
  The great stars pass away
  Before Him as a flight of spray,
Moons as a flight of foam!
I see the lights of home.

—*Alfred Noyes*

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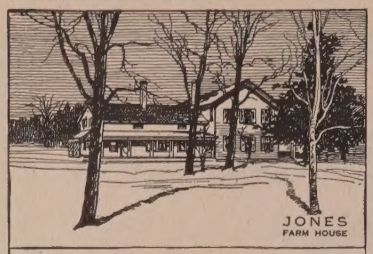

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CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVI. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1916. NUMBER 25

THE BETTER PART.

(In the earlier edition this poem was entitled, "Anti-Desperation.")

Long fed on boundless hopes, O race of man,
How angrily thou spurn'st all simpler fare!
"Christ," some one says, "was human as we are;
No judge eyes us from Heaven, our sin to scan;

We live no more, when we have done our span."—
"Well, then, for Christ," thou answerest, "who can care?
From sin, which Heaven records not, why forbear?
Live we like brutes our life without a plan!"

So answerest thou; but why not rather say:
"Hath man no second life?—Pitch this one high!
Sits there no judge in Heaven, our sin to see?

More strictly, then, the inward judge obey
Was Christ a man like us? Ah! let us try
If we then, too, can be such men as he!"

—Matthew Arnold.

To stimulate public interest in the Shakespeare revival that is being led by lovers of the best in English literature, and in the numerous Shakespeare tercentenary celebrations that are being organized throughout the United States, the *New York Times* will issue a series of special Shakespeare supplements with its Sunday editions, to begin on February 20th and appear for ten successive Sundays. Such is the gist of a preliminary announcement containing a list of the subjects to be presented and several examples of the very beautiful illustrations taken from great paintings, etchings and photographs produced during the last three hundred years which we understand are to be a marked feature of this timely undertaking.

The activity of the Senate in passing the Philippine Bill by amending the amendment, granting them independence in four years whether or not they desire it at that time, and without any real attempt on our part to safeguard their neutrality, is cowardly, and a brilliant instance of the stupid selfishness of a people scared by Ghosts of war. The Bill at present before the House does not seem, to some of us, in accord with the sacred honor of a nation, unless it is that sort of honor we have heard so much about and are doomed to have dinned into our ears again, the honor so brittle when menaced from without, so elastic from within. Our national honor and our duty would both be better served should we pledge ourselves to seek to guarantee their neutrality by treaties, even if, as our wise ex-president, the most strenuous shouter and manipulator of national honor of the brittle-elastic kind, has told us, "Treaties are but scraps of paper."

O. C. S.

Chicago has again been visited by "one of the prophets"—the Poet John Masefield, and UNITY again acknowledges its indebtedness to all poets, and pays due homage to this particular one, whose sincerity and quiet dignity quite captivated his hearers. This very modest, diffident man, who has tasted life at many and widely divergent points, in his poem entitled, "Biography," speaks truly when he says:

Men do not heed the rungs by which men climb
Those glittering steps, those milestones upon Time,
Those tombstones of dead selves, those hours of birth,
Those moments of the soul in years of earth:
They mark the height achieved, the main result,
The power of freedom in the perished cult,
The power of boredom in the dead man's deeds,
Not the bright moments of the sprinkled seeds.

Stop and meditate on that line "The power of freedom in the perished cult": Was there ever a freedom equal to that of a "perished cult"? What would you take in exchange for the freedom of the spirit—the lightness of your soul over the perished cult of the lugubrious theologians who have tried to preach the world into abysmal depths by picturing an unlovely God who could possibly hate anything of his creation? "The power of freedom in the perished cult"—does not that recall the thought of another poet—"What liberty a loosened spirit bring"? And do you recall that poem, or stanzas rather, of a poem of Masefield which appeared in UNITY several months ago?

He who gives a child a home
Builds palaces in kingdom come,
And she who gives a baby birth
Brings Savior Christ again to earth.

* * * *

Lord, give to men who are old and rougher,
The things that little children suffer,
And let keep bright and undefiled
The young years of the little child.

"Bless the Lord, oh, my soul, and forget not all his benefits"—chief among which are the poets of every age.

M. B. P.

Dr. Lewis B. Fisher who at Abraham Lincoln Centre has been filling the Sunday pulpit and conducting the Tuesday Class in Religion to the delight and satisfaction of both audiences, gave on February 8th a lesson on Bernard of Clairvaux the Mystic in contrast to Abelard the Intellectual. In our study of the

growth of Christianity from the Fourth to the Nineteenth Century we are learning how it has come about that the simple religion of love to God and love to man, as taught by Jesus, has become so overlaid with man made theology that it is all but lost and we see that the awful carnage being waged in Europe in the name of God is only in the name of the god of theology not the Father of Jesus. Thus have we spent our Tuesdays in the absence of Jenkin Lloyd Jones in the interests of Peace—the lasting peace that looks to the federation of the world based on the brotherhood of man. The peace that will come to stay when mankind shall seek the authority of God as it is revealed in the mind of man at its best, and that mystic relation with Him that is attained by seeking to do His will, think His thoughts and serve him in service to one's fellow man. The Idealist is the present day mystic, despised and scorned by our too practical age, the idealist who dares see beneath the brutality, the hate and violence of man, the underlying sin. The idealist who knows because he believes and believes because he knows humanity can and must attain God-like proportions, that the Eternal Right, the Everlasting Arms protect and guide halting, stumbling, falling humanity onward and upward. May the numbers of these Twentieth Century mystics be increased. It is only by their service, their belief and knowledge of the Eternal Verities that we can find comfort, in the history of the past or the history being made today, and go forward seeking Peace, *not* the Peace at any price, but at the price of accepting as a reality, not a Sunday theory, but the religion of Jesus, the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of man. Could a bigger price be asked or one harder to pay by our practical, scientific, money seeking generation? To hasten the day of his high priced Peace many laborers are needed, those who cry Peace! Peace! when there is no peace, those who labor for democracy in bringing about economic justice and those who would hasten the day of that all embracing democracy, the democracy in religion when all men are brothers, the children of the All-Father. O. C. S.

The M. V. L.

The Municipal Voter's League of the City of Chicago has just issued its twenty-first report. This organization has a wonderful history. In the old days when "Johnny" Powers and "Bath-house John" Coughlin and the other "Gray Wolves" ran the City Council to the detriment of everybody but themselves and the disgrace of the city, a group of the decent citizens became desperate. Men who were neither afraid to beard even the "Gray Wolf" in his den, nor to print a true report of his record as a public servant, men of all and of no political party, met together and formed a permanent, exceedingly active body with George E. Cole as its president, and from that day to this that body has watched the City Council, its members and their official acts, and has kept the public thoroughly posted through its reports, issued whenever the status of affairs, and particularly an impending election, made it desirable.

This twenty-first report is called for in view of the coming primary election, February 29, and deals with the records of the outgoing alderman in the various wards of the city, giving a survey of the important business attempted to be done by the Council and the standing and vote on each measure by the individual aldermen during the last term of office of those asking re-election.

A summing up is printed, ward by ward, of the record of each man whose term is expiring, which makes a wonderfully convenient and dependable guide for the voter whose personal opportunity is very limited for study of the character of his alderman. There is a very large class of uninstructed and uninformed voters in the city, including those foregin born who have lately become American citizens, and also including the thousands of women who have very recently had thrust upon them the responsibility of citizenship. To all these the Municipal Voter's League comes with its record, unchallengeable for disinterestedness, fairness and accuracy of information, as a guide through the intricacies of political duty. It does not hesitate to use such words as "unfit," "poor record" and even stronger ones, while it seems to be glad to recommend for re-election those who have shown they deserve it.

John J. Coughlin heads the list as representing the people of the First ward. "Finishing twelfth term; utterly unfit; one of the original notorious "Gray Wolves, etc. At the very bottom of the list the candidate for the Thirty-fifth ward receives commendation in these words: "Finishing first term with good record * * * jumping to the front in his first term; man of character, ability and energy." Of one gentleman who has decided to drop out the report says: "Finishing long council career with poor record; not a candidate; he retires, 'unwept, unhonored and unsung.'" We wonder if he had a hint of what the report was to be before he decided to retire. Of another the report is: "Finishing first term with poor voting record. * * * a large, quiet, oleaginous, orderly and inoffensive person, quite out of place in the council where at times the debate is miles above his head."

Of our old friend of the Twenty-seventh ward, it says: "Oliver L. Watson. Finishing first term with good record * * * has brought business experience to bear on the settlement of council questions; performs his duties with faithfulness to public inter-

ests; has worked hard to develop his immense ward and has been of distinct value in council discussions; man of honesty and independence."

It is not surprising that a hopeful aspirant for aldermanic honors thinks twice before he will subject himself to this kind of microscopic inspection. The new candidates will have their innings after the primaries and before election, and some of them are undoubtedly busy these days in mending fences both at home and in political circles, for, while we, "the people," are engrossed in other interests the Municipal Voter's League will be quietly sifting out the histories and characters of would-be city fathers, in order to lay the same before the voters, that they may have no excuse for wasting their franchise on the wrong material. A. L. K.

Why We Find the Pews Empty

A home of the liberal faith is a good place to be born in, but it is seldom nowadays a *religious* place. For the last two generations the Home has been in a process of steady surrender to the Sunday school. The Sunday school is far better than nothing; it is a good as it is, and a good that is fast becoming a better. The teachers are becoming more expert, the methods and manuals improving, the service of worship enriching, and the aim of the whole growing clearer. The Sunday school deserves increasing respect. But an hour a week in a Sunday school under the best of conditions does not begin to suffice to waken and train religiousness in a child. The lily of the field does not become a lily by hour-long spasms once a week of sunshine and shower. The lily of the home, the soul of a child, cannot either. The little soul's make-up is altogether too complex and delicate, its wants are too many and personal. It is the parent's highest and holiest function that he is abdicating. What is religiousness? The sense of heavenly horizons in all things and a passion for moral ideals. This sense and this passion wake slowly through hours and days and years of spiritual influence, and come to bright consciousness only where the hours and days and years of a child are actually spent. The day-school is such a place (*wise* Roman Catholics!), but far less than the home. The home is the natural habitat of the child-soul's religiousness. Yet the parents have abdicated!

The effect after two generations of progressive abdication is seen not only inside, but outside the home. Much is said in these days about the decline of the Church, and reasons many are given for it. But of this, perhaps the chief, reason little is said. The home is the *unit* of churches, and the religiousness of a community is measured by the religiousness of its homes, not by that of its churches. If in the homes during six days of the week there is little thought and enjoyment of God, how *can* there be much in the church on the seventh? And under such circumstances generalized why should the Church as a whole *not* be in decline? Can the stream below be expected to run full, if the sources up in the hills go dry? So we find the pews empty. W. C. G.

Editorial Wanderings

Dear UNITY:

History as well as the readers of UNITY will miss the letters of "A. L. K.", which would have been written had the telegram not miscarried which said: "Come and bring your secretary." The meetings have been incessant since our landing at Christiania, December 21. This city, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Amsterdam and Rotterdam have each joyfully surrendered and cheerfully joined the pilgrimage. Large halls have been crowded to overflowing. Many hundreds have been turned away. There have been banquets galore. Toasting and speaking without end. And now the last meeting has been held. An unofficial international conference of five powers, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, America, has been in continuous consultation for a week. Steps have been taken for the organization of a continuous conference of conciliation. On the American Committee for this purpose the editor of UNITY has accepted an "Alternate" appointment. This will necessitate his remaining until the sailing of the next boat. Most of the party sail this evening for New York on the Rotterdam. But he hopes to be doing business at the old stand at Lincoln Centre by February 22.

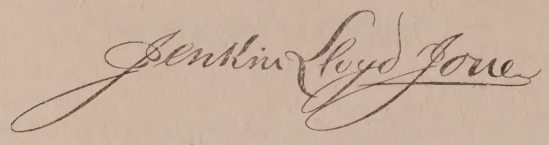
What the outcome of this pilgrimage may be doth not yet appear but its past is assured. The result can scarcely be overestimated. Delegations of from seven and upward from the five countries involved have been assembled under great difficulties and they are now returning to their respective countries for the purpose of perfecting their smaller committees of five each for the permanent conference.

It is certain that the thousands of people who have touched more or less intimately this mobilized peace battalion have been quickened, clarified and enlightened. In all the countries except America the newspapers have studiously sought to understand the pilgrims, to interpret them at their best and when they were in doubt they have courteously given them the benefit of the doubt. The Ford Expedition has been to the American newspaper men a daily sensation, but when the reports are all in and the final verdict of history is pronounced it will take on poetic, prophetic and perhaps diplomatic significance.

But we need not anticipate. We are glad to assure

UNITY readers that the matrimonial "we" have stood the strain successfully. They have scarcely missed a meal and never an engagement. The masculine member has made many speeches and presided over many meetings, some of them dealing with difficult situations and he is still fit for duty. We are anxious to return to the more congenial and permanent tasks in Chicago.

More anon.



The Hague, Jan. 15, 1916.

Unity Endowment

It has been less than a week since the friends of UNITY were asked to make a last effort to wipe off the eleven hundred dollars necessary to complete the thirty thousand dollar Endowment. The Committee is surprised and gratified at the promptness with which the request has been responded to. The funds have varied from one to twenty-five dollars. The letters which have been received will be a source of pleasure to Mr. Jones as Editor-in-Chief of UNITY. The Committee begs of the friends of UNITY to consider no sum too small to send. One subscriber says: "I am sending my mite. If each would send a dollar the indebtedness would soon be lifted." And this word comes from a National Home for Disabled Soldiers.

(Mrs.) JESSIE E. SHEARS-CARNOVALE,
5418 East View Park.

A HYMN OF HATE.

And this I hate—not men, nor flag, nor race,
But only War, with its wild, grinning face.
God strike it till its eyes be blind as night,
And all its members tremble with affright!
Oh, let it hear in its death agony
The wail of mothers for their best-beloved ones,
And on its head
Descend the venomed curses of its sons
Who followed her, deluded, where its guns
Had dyed the daisies red.

All these I hate—war and its panoply,
The lie that hides its ghastly mockery,
That makes its glories out of women's tears,
The toil of peasants through the burdened years,
The legacy of long disease that preys
On bone and body in the afterdays.
God's curses pour,
Until it shrivel with its votaries
And die away in its own fiery seas,
That nevermore
Its dreadful call of murder may be heard—
A thing accursed in very deed and word
From blood-drenched shore to shore!

—Joseph Dana Miller.

THE PULPIT

A Series of Seven Sermons—Studies of Shakespearian Women

V.

Shakespeare's Incapable and False Women

By Alexander Webster

"God hath given you one face, and you make for yourselves another."—Hamlet to Ophelia.

We may be sure that, with his high reverence for womanhood, Shakespeare would rather have shown none but noble women. But he was bound to be true to the feminine as to the masculine character as he found it. That he did find incapable and false women at hand we may be sure of whom it could be said, "You jig, you amble, and you lisp, and you nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance." However, he does not present many feckless and foul women to us, and when he does it is with regret and pity. He was no cynic, having delight in the exposure of defects in woman. He knew well that every defect in man or woman has a moral history, and that even the worst character might say:

"My nature is subdued to that it works in
Like the dyer's hand."

In studying the various moral forces acting upon humanity, Shakeseare doubtless perceived that the affectional influences emanating from the heart of woman had much to do with the development of human character. And he would see that, by the general predominance of masculine power, the feminine forces had been tragically suppressed.

But he evidently also noted that an era of emancipation had dawned, and the womanly characteristics were being liberated and educated. He deemed the freedom and culture of womanhood essential to full and proportionate humanity; having the idea that the manly and the womanly were the two wings to lift up human life. Nowhere in all his works does he show himself with finer and happier inspiration than in portraying his great women.

Probably it was because he perceived the age-long suppression of the womanly and the consequent deprivation of humanity of the power belonging to the female that he represents so many of his women as motherless. Miranda, Imogen, Ophelia, Beatrice, Rosalind, Katharina, Bianca, and Lear's three daughters. But curiously, when the mother's influence is indicated, as in the case of Juliet and Ophelia, it is not reckoned as good. Shakeseare, with seeming deliberation, presents a lack of efficient maternal influence. The marks of the feudalism which made the masculine elements dominant are upon all his women; they are all overweighted by the autocratic masculinity, and struggle more or less successfully with the suppressive forces.

Some of the motherless women have fathers that influence them deeply, but even from that influence he gives them liberty of revolt. It is noticeable that "all his elopements and defiances of parental injunction end happily for the offenders, except in the memorable instances of Romeo and Juliet and Othello and Desdemona."

Shakespeare vindicates the child's right to its own mind and heart; its right to know, believe, love and act in accordance with its own judgment. He would have no authority set over humanity but that of reason and sympathy, and so his women, like his men, are either effectively struggling for such authority, weakly unable to rise to it, or altogether false to it.

There is one moral principle settled with Shakespeare, viz.: That the masculine and feminine faculties are equally essential to humanity. Yea, he seems to think that the womanly has in it the right to supreme power, for in one play, at least ("All's Well that Ends Well"), he shows "man at woman's command, and no hurt done but rather healing."

He is quite sure that, in all circumstances, it is the function of man and woman to help each other to fulness and beauty of life. Each has to give to the other the light that shines from hallowed and cultured faculties. The woman has to contribute a womanhood permeated with healthy power, to rouse and inspire the man to high thought, noble feeling and heroic action.

And the man has to furnish a selfhood equally full of efficient power, that the two together may fitly co-operate for a life of wisdom and wealth.

Wherever man and woman with unmatched faculties are linked together there is a tragedy. The defect or dissonance may be in the man or in the woman, but when one is weak and the other strong or ignorant, when one is learned or passionate and the other is unemotional, there are the elements of the tragic.

And when, as was the case with Hamlet and Ophelia, both are incapable of fulfilling the task of their brand, the tragedy is doubly painful.

The tragedy of Hamlet is one of inefficiency. In it there figures the maiden who fails in her feebleness. She appears with the Queen who is implicated in the bewildering crime discovered by the Prince. She is motherless, and we can but guess at her inheritance on the maternal side. Looking to her father for an explanation of her character, we may keep in mind the words of Belarius:

> "Cowards father cowards and base things sire base,
> Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace."

And also the salute given to Bertram by the King of France:

> "Youth, thou bearest thy father's face,
> Thy father's moral part mayst thou inherit too,"

Which shows that Shakespeare had regard to heredity. Polonius, Ophelia's father, is a shallow, conceited man, a temporizing statesman, always busy with courtly devices, and anxious to keep up an appearance of sagacity. All that he can give his daughter is a dose of maxims of a superficial sort. Otherwise, he teaches her to deceive. He has no principle, no sincere affection, no genuine wisdom. After prompting Ophelia to lie, he acts the spy. She can get no true moral power from him. She is worse than fatherless; she has a misleading father.

From Laertes, her brother, she can learn little good. He is but a vain gallant, accomplished only in courtly customs, and incapable of anything high and requiring serious thought. He has no desire above the "primrose path of dalliance." Indeed he is corrupt, for he readily becomes the King's tool for the assassination of Hamlet, and adds his own contribution of villainy—the venom on his rapier's point. Home was to Ophelia not only void of moral help, but had in its air the elements of spiritual poison.

From her only neighbor-woman, the Queen, no right guidance was possible. Gertrude's womanly virtue is sapped, and she is sunk in deception.

Ophelia, then, appears as a lonely, untutored soulless maiden, amazed at the emergence of mystery and trouble. She cannot meet the difficulty rationally and is bewildered and touched with insanity. In her madness the evil in her training shows itself, revealing the inbred vitiation of sense and soul which had been her portion of a rotten state. By the lewdness which her cracked emotions display, we see how her heart had been saturated with sensuality, her soul fed with the husks of carnalism, and the atmosphere of her girlhood polluted. Her moral nature had been perverted, and though she betook herself to "orisons," the evil sown in her life could not be uprooted.

Amidst his succession of amazements, Hamlet learned that she could neither receive great gifts of soul nor render anything great. She is fair, and her wistful beauty has caught his brooding eye. There is an exchange of little tokens between the pair, but of the intercourse of intelligent souls there is none, and Hamlet in his bitter mood can truthfully say, "I never gave you aught."

Had a noble nature stood in Ophelia's place, he could not have uttered the accusation, even when thinking of his mother's defects, "Frailty, thy name is woman." Ophelia is decorous and timid, with no initiative in her own heart, unimaginative, tamely submissive. She intuitively assents to the duplicity proposed by her scheming father, and, incapable of rising to the higher honesties of love, she glibly deceives Hamlet.

She has never been properly in love. She has simply been unintelligently passive under Hamlet's attentions; timidly amazed at a learning she could not understand and had not force of intellect to interest herself in, and childishly pleased with the prospect of the throne to which his regard would raise her.

She had no sympathy with the speculative movement of his mind. His brooding thoughtfulness, rising betimes to a passion of inquiry would have terrified her. The intensity of his "prophetic soul" would always have been strange to her. She might have been his toy, his bird, his hound, but not his fitting wife.

So Shakespeare shows that intellect should marry intellect; intelligence should wed intelligence; the thoughtful man mate with the thoughtful woman. There can be no true partnership except where there is equal knowledge; no real, serviceable sexual union unless it is of souls alike open, earnest and strenuous.

By the tragicness of the case, this drama shows that no moral calamity can be worse than that which arises out of the inefficiency of man or woman. When the one fails the other in sympathy, in thoughtfulness, in spiritual power, there must be disaster, pain and death.

On the same lines of character, but more deeply sensual, weak and wicked is Cressida, who jilted Troilus. She is a light-hearted creature of the sort that cozens and corrupts. Troilus is "an enthusiastic young fool," but capable of high faith and noble loyalty. With a wife who touched his soul to finer is-

sues he would have risen to something good. He did not at first see how carnal and shallow Cressida was, but persisted in believing that she was perfect. His disillusioning was a long and painful process, but he was a better man because of it. As we think of his opened eyes, we may well take his advice:

> "Let it not be believed for womanhood!
> Think, we had mothers, do not give advantage
> To stubborn critics,—apt without a theme,
> For deprivation; to square the general sex
> By Cressida's rule."

In the tragedy of Macbeth, Shakespeare shows us the terrible influence of a woman whose soul is possessed by the falseness of love. When we are introduced to Macbeth, he has risen on Fortune's ladder, and the ambition of supreme place is upon him. He has a strong self-approbation, and the fact that he has won "golden opinions from all sorts of people" intoxicates his self-regard. The fates, too, seem to be on his side, but he has certain reservations of conscience which bid him pause. He is in a state of moral suspense; strongly tempted yet unsurrendered in soul. His wife speaks of him:

> "I fear thy nature
> Is too full of the milk of human kindness
> To catch the nearest way: Thou wouldst be great;
> Art not without ambition, but without
> The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly
> That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false
> Yet wouldst wrongly win."

She takes side with his evil aptitudes, determined to finish what the witches have begun. No doubt she was great and lovely after her kind; a charming woman full of intense nervous force, capable of strong emotion and powerful concentration but warped and essentially wicked. She "sees things" in the clearest and most definite outline. With her to perceive is forthwith to decide, to decide is to act. Having resolved upon her end, a practical logic convinces her that the means are implied and determined. Macbeth resolves and falters back from action; now he is restrained by his imagination, now by his fears, now by his lingering impulse toward a loyal and honorable existence. He is unable to keep in check or put under restraint any one of the various incoherent powers of his nature, which impede and embrarrass each the action of the other. Lady Macbeth gains, for the time, sufficient strength by throwing herself passionately into a single purpose, and by resolutely repressing all that is inconsistent with that purpose. Into the service of evil she carries some of the intensity and energy of asceticism. She cuts herself off from her better nature, she yields to no paltering with conscience."

She invokes "the murdering ministers" that come in "the dunnest smoke of hell" to "stop up the access and passage to remorse," and rid her of "compunctious visitings of nature." Thus she stands before us in the most terrible condition in which woman can appear—unsexed, "from the crown to the toe, topfull of direst cruelty," and nothing but the worst crime issues.

Macbeth represents the aggressive, conquering, reigning power. Its ambition to rise is good, the throne rightly belongs to it; but it should attain rule holily. It must not be selfish, unscrupulous, heedless of moral obligations, but act in sympathy with humanity for development and true wealth. It is the function of the affectional to league themselves with the intellectual powers so as to balance and beautify. To love is given the work of subduing the aspiring energy, of moralizing its ambition, and of keeping it to justice.

When an ambitious and morally undetermined man is controlled by a designing, worldly, ill-guided woman he is ruined.

The woman who marries for position, and urges her husband on in the race for riches, who teaches her children to think always of their own advantage and comfort, plays the part of Lady Macbeth, is in league with the things that palter with us in a double sense and makes herself "Procuress to the lords of hell."

Even she who, in lowly place, thinks more of the wages of her husband than of his spiritual qualities, and bargains with her soul for a life of plenty, unsexes herself and opens her home to the tragic forces.

It is the function of woman to help man to reject the superstitions, put away the magical, and trust to reason. She has to say to him, "I will ally my best with your best, and together, with powers well developed, we will "meet the time as it seeks us."

BED TIME.

It's not so very long ago,—
It seems as yesterday,—you know?—
Indeed, it seems I hear the words she said:—
"It's time for little boys to be in bed."

Of course I don't know who it means.
It don't mean me;—I won't say "beans;"—
It's Ed, or Ike, or Mose, or—no, she said:—
"It's time for little *boys* to be in bed."

'Tain't me,—I'm working 'rithmetic,—
(To find just who, you see, to pick
Among the *boys* to *fit* those words' intent) (?)—
I want to find how *big* that "little" meant.

There's Ed, a-scratching at *his* head,
He's older than I am,—but Ed
Ain't near as big,—so we are even, see?—
My answer says:—"It don't mean Ed and me."

Well, then, I just suppose
It must mean Ike and Mose;—
They're "little,"—and besides, you know they're "boys,"
And make, for size, our share and theirs of noise.

And thinking this, I closed the book,
I turned, and at the others look;—
But then I hear that voice again:—"I said:
'It's time for little boys to be in bed.'"

This time the words came quicker than before;—
They seemed to say: "You hear,—I mean all four."
But I was bent on getting *my* reprieve,
And sought all schemes and ideas, I believe.

"*You* mean there's *plenty* time," I said,
"For little boys to be in bed."
Dear mother smiled the smile that goodness lent;—
We kissed her;—said: "Good-night,"—and off we went.

It's not so very long ago;—
And yet—it seems an age—you know?
Those words my soul in anguish craves again!
We'd do her every bidding now,—as men.

SIDNEY M. ULLMAN.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Growth of Christianity

Stepping Stones Across the Centuries from Paul to Luther

Being the Sixth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

I.

Introductory.

What is Christianity? Starting with the well grounded assumption that any definition is inadequate we shall try during this year's study to interpret history in terms sufficiently large to reach from Torquemada to Francis. We must include its superstitions, tyrannies, cruelties and dogmas, as well as the ideality, purity and saintliness of its martyrs. Draper has said that "The Catholic Church is responsible for Europe from the fourth to the sixteenth centuries," and with this assumption we will study those regnant centuries, twelve or more of them in number, reaching from Paul to Luther. For a thousand years was Christianity practically united. We will not forget that early in its development the Greek Church broke from the Roman. Our study will necessarily be largely concerned with the achievements and failures of the Roman Catholic Church.

Pedagogically speaking, perhaps the biographical is the most effective method of teaching history. Is it not true that it is possible to give children of the High School age a working knowledge of United States history most effectively by the intensive study of twelve or more of its great personalities. For example, William Penn, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, William Ellery Channing, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Lloyd Garrison, Theodore Parker, John Greenleaf Whittier, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Abraham Lincoln, Susan B. Anthony and Frances Willard. This is not the academic method, it is not scholastically true, but true from the standpoint of efficiency. This method has proven especially desirable when we face such a complex and important chapter in the world's history as the period from Paul to Luther.

Our lessons will not be all biographical, but they will form a setting for a study of twenty or more great personalities, which will engender a deeper appreciation of our inheritance than perhaps can be gained in any other available way. Earnest study along this line cannot fail to eliminate bigotry, dogmatism, narrowness, ignorance, stolidity and conceit.

We may compare Christianity with the ever-living redwood tree, the *sequoia sempervirens*, a tree unique in its persistence and its power of endurance. There are many trees in the religious forest, but for us Christianity is the sequoia, which has endured two thousand years, dominating and conquering the European and American part of the world most aggressively and most progressively. It has drained marshes, felled forests, built cities, established universities and done many other good things. At the same time Christianity is but one tree in the world forest of thought and achievement, but as we are permitted to rest under its shade and to admire its proportions we wish to study it from this viewpoint.

Two conceptions of the Man of Nazareth have dominated the centuries.

First, that of the enraptured vision of Paul, "the Christ," the "Anointed of the Lord," come down from heaven for a special mission, bringing tidings of great joy, a transcendent messenger from on high.

Second, that of Pelagius and his followers, the "Man of Sorrows," a carpenter's son, a peasant reformer, a comforter of the good, the companion of children, the enemy of arrogance, conceit and the unconsecrated life.

While we feel the power of this second conception we shall try this year to see through the eyes of the great history makers, the "transcendent Christ," the realized "Messiah," who through them became a great world power.

In our studies we will find all kinds of Christianity, with many characteristics. First, perhaps, we get a new grip on monotheism, a sincere desire to keep hold of the great inheritance from Mother Israel, which had left behind polytheism and reached the thought of the unity of God, with a more or less inadequte idea of the unity of the world.

Next we see the desire to embody religion in practice, to link ethics with religion, to *do* the things we believe. In the story of all these great personalities, from Francis to Torquemada, there is the dominant note of duty, service—not always realized but ever present.

Third, and not so clearly discovered, historically speaking, but the most persistent element in Christianity that endures, the greatest thing in the world, is the love that is the dominant power of life, that which is opposed to hatred, to all things that cut and divide. This runs through the centuries like the red thread in the cordage of the English navy.

Lastly, comes the thought of liberty, which to a certain extent swayed the twenty or more men who represent to us the growth of these years. The centuries have surely been groping toward freedom—freedom from priests, freedom from kings, freedom from convention, freedom from passion. Toward these four points our lessons will look,—unity, duty, love and freedom in religion and in life.

Admitting all the charges against historic Christianity,—its crudeness, its dogmatism and its conceit, we propose to gain some constructive appreciation of what in the final equation will be a big footing on the credit side of the ledger that undertakes to strike the balance sheet of the centuries.

The religions with which we have been concerned during the past five years have been Asiatic. The only one of the seven great teachers born on European ground was Sokrates, and he did not leave any religious system. Asia has been the cradle of religions; Christianity is Asiatic in its origin and Semitic in its descent. Three hundred years or more before Jesus was born Macedon started on a great world conquering campaign under the greatest military leader the world had yet known, backed by the noblest philosophy and the highest art the world had yet reached. The story of Alexander and his campaigning is one of the world events. But Alexander did not leave much that stayed. Three hundred years

after that a Jew, the son of a tent maker, standing out on the farthest confines of Asia, caught a glimpse of a beckoning hand across the Hellespont, and when Paul set his foot on European soil, supported by the richest tradition in the world, endowed with the prophetic vision that Asia had to give, a trained child of the Semitic race, he turned the tide of life. Ever after that Asia was behind and Europe was before the advancing columns of humanity. The forces, set going by Paul, to a certain extent conquered Europe, then the pleasure ground of wolves and bears, the home of wild boars, and of men almost as wild,—unkempt, unclothed, fierce, fighting races. In the present recrudescence of violence this renaissance of Goth, Teuton, Celt and Slavonic savagery, we see that the civilizing of Europe has not been very effective, and while the weapons of warfare have been made more deadly, we have as one ray of light the Red Cross agency of mercy of today.

The Triple Anthem

That was a curious incident, recently, in Canada,—the struggle between the conscience of the clergy and the passions of the people which resulted in the lusty rendering of an almost obsolete stanza of their national hymn whereby Englishmen invoke the Divine aid to "frustrate" and "confound" their enemies.

Still more curious is the fact that the melody which wafts that anathema to heaven is the same that the special enemy now under imprecation uses when he sings to the laudation of his Kaiser—"Heil dir im Siegerkranz." And America has been the third country to adopt as a national air this tune, of doubtful origin, but reputed to be the composition of Henry Carey (better known as the author of "Sally in Our Alley") in the early half of the 18th century. The brass bands of these three nations would blend in any side-by-side gathering of the three; and as the words of large choruses are little distinguishable, these three peoples would seem to be united in the fervor of a common petition, while severally celebrating King, Kaiser and Country.

Has not some one said that if he could make the songs of a country, whoever would might make its laws? A comparative study of national hymns, as to content and spirit, might be somewhat enlightening at this time. Some day there may be words found that, like this melody, may be suited to the common using of these three cognate nations—words voicing a petition broader, deeper, higher, than that for kaiser, king or country. What if our own hymn should add to itself some such petition, even now:

Ruler of all the lands,
Join Thou our hearts and hands
Round earth's wide ball!
Bid War forever cease;
Nations from hate release;
Bring in Thy reign of peace,
Thou Lord of all!

Englewood, N. J. S. J. D.

The common problem, yours, mine, every one's,
Is not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it could be—but finding just
What may be, then find how to make it fair
Up to our means—a very different thing.

—*Browning.*

THE BOOK LOVER

Socrates and Confucius

Flaubert was wont to say that the man is nothing; the work everything. With this we do not agree, least of all after reading the story of that Sage whom Shelley called "the Christ of ancient Greece," in that so brilliant little book, "Socrates, Master of Life," by W. E. Leonard (Open Court Pub. Co.). There is no exaltation in reading such a story, there is only prostrating humility. And there is sadness, too, such sadness as falls upon one in the presence of a Master of the fears, passions and vicissitudes which befall us here below. Thinking of that truly great and noble man and the life he lived, one feels that the words of the poet can be much better applied to him than to David, of whom they were written:

Great, valiant, pious, good and clean,
Sublime, contemplative, serene,
Strong, constant, pleasant, wise.

Withal he was very human, this son of Sophroniscus, the stone-cutter, as the author shows him to us in the too brief sketch. The materials, of course, are scant. Naturally, his friends, who knew his life, left record only of his thought, and he himself, being a wise man, never wrote a book. He was ugly and dressed shabbily, and seldom washed himself. He went barefoot, even in the winter snows, and was strong and tough as well as brave—did he not make a good soldier? He married Xanthippe, the shrew, and left two children, albeit nothing was ever heard of them. She used to pour slop-water on him when he came home late at night. When asked why he married such a vixen, he said that if he could endure Xanthippe he could learn to endure anything. He loved folks, and was one of the greatest talkers the race has known.

If there is pensiveness in the memory of him, there was no sadness in his life. How could there be? Fortified by his philosophy, he knew that melancholy is folly, the trick of an evil imp. He was a merry old man, ready to take a joke or to pass one back, always asking questions and professing to know nothing. He taught the youth of Athens that the soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul. Do every deed, think every thought in accordance with the simple principle of virtue, he said, and you will then be fortified against all the fears of life and death—since no real harm can come to a good man in this life or after death. That was what he taught and that was how he lived; so that it was no wonder that Xenophon could write of him: "No one within the memory of men ever bowed his head more beautifully to Death."

Our author compares Socrates to Christ, as did Shelley, seeking the while to make clear the place of the philosopher in "this multitudinous business of salvation." For such as are interested in the teaching of the barefoot sage there is a chapter full of meat. Self-control, balance, poise was the cardinal virtue with Socrates. He thought less than we do, apparently, of doing duty against the grain. For, if we have the right idea of our duty, there is no grain to go against, the doing is effortless. For us, the fascination of Socrates is in his personality, his brave, calm, cheerful and playfully wise mastery of life. No wonder Erasmus was for giving him a place among the Saints,

and could scarce refrain from saying, "St. Socrates, pray for us!"

From Greece to China is a long journey, yet Socrates and Confucius were not far apart in time, and one feels that they would have understood each other had they met. Confucius died in his seventy-third year, 479 B. C., died unhonored, feeling in the flickering beats of his failing heart that his pleas for justice, truth, industry, self-denial, moderation and peace were unheeded. What he taught is admirably summed up in "The Ethics of Confucius," by M. M. Dawson, with a foreword by Wu Ting Fang (Putnam's Sons), and it is a goodly body of wise and fruitful truth showing "how to get through life like a courteous gentleman." His central idea is that every normal man cherishes the aspiration to become a Superior Man—superior to his fellows, if possible, but first of all superior to his own past and his present self.

Confucius has also been compared to Christ, for that he taught the Great Principle of reciprocity: "What you do not want done to yourself, do not unto others,"—which is very far from the positive form in which Jesus stated it. Lao Tsze was nearer to the Teacher of Gallilee when he taught, "Love thine enemies." Inquiry was made of Confucius concerning this saying, resulting in the following dialogue: "What do you say concerning the principle that injury should be recompensed with kindness?" And Confucius replied: "With what, then, will you recompense kindness? No, recompense injury with justice and recompense kindness with kindness." Lao Tsze has much the larger following in China, which this difference in their teachings no doubt in part explains—the followers of Confucius being among the elite and scholarly.

Confucius was a sage, not a seer. So long as he talks on the art of living, of mental morality, of self-culture, of human relations in the family and the state, his insight is clear and wise. When he comes to the higher relations of the soul his vision is vague, indefinite and uncertain. Yet he was a noble teacher, sincerely seeking to guide his fellow men aright along the simple, but far from easy, path which mortals should walk: "I seek unity, all pervading."

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

EPITAPH.

When the dust of the workshop is still,
The dust of the workman at rest,
May some generous heart find a will
To seek and to treasure his best

From the splendour of hopes that deceived;
From the wonders he planned to do;
From the glories so nearly achieved;
From dreams that so nearly came true;

From his struggle to rise above earth
On the pinions that could not fly;
From his sorrows; oh, seek for some worth
To remember the workman by.

If in vain; if Time sweeps all away,
And no laurel from that dust springs;
'Tis enough that a loyal heart say,
"He tried to make beautiful things."

—*Eden Phillpotts.*

CORRESPONDENCE

From the Henry Ford Peace Expedition

My first letter closed with an account of the last meeting in Stockholm. The Ford peace party left that city on 7 o'clock Thursday evening, December 30. When I arrived at the station I thought, from the number of people gathered there, that a large number of people must be taking the train at that hour. When I went out on the platform I was surprised to see a great crowd lining both sides of the way to the gate at which stood the ticket punchers. I didn't realize for some time that these people were there to wish Godspeed and give us a send-off.

After we boarded our train some two or three hundred citizens, headed by the mayor, were admitted within the gates. As the train started these began cheering, and as the train passed the great crowd, which had not been admitted within the gates, came into view. They made the station ring with cheers. It was a most inspiring send-off.

Our train carried us through the night to Malmo, Sweden, where we embarked upon a ferry boat, which took us on a two-hour jaunt across the straits to Copenhagen. There we were received by a committee who directed us to our hotel.

Some months before our arrival, the government passed a law forbidding the discussion of war or peace by aliens at any public meeting, and so by virtue of this fact no public meeting was held in this city. Nevertheless, we had a most cordial and hearty reception. A large number of receptions were given and a number of private meetings held. The first reception was 3 o'clock Friday afternoon, December 31st, at the Palace Hotel. Here we were greeted by representatives of a number of different organizations interested in our mission. The reception was in charge of the Danish committee headed by Mr. Otto Forchammer. Mr. Forchammer in his address assured us of the sympathy of the Danish people with our mission. He said that the fact that no public meetings were allowed was not in any way directed at us; that he felt sure that the members of the Danish cabinet were in sympathy with our project. The Prime Minister of Denmark is a member of the Danish Peace Society, of which Mr. Forchammer is president. On New Year's eve a banquet was given for the members of the party. This was attended also by the members of the Danish committee who assured us again of the sympathy of the Danish people and again emphasized the fact that the absence of public meetings was not due to any feeling of hostility for our mission. This banquet was held in a building of what I can best describe as the Royal Shooting Club. It is one of the most exclusive organizations in Denmark. We were requested to stay in the banquet hall until after 10 o'clock. This request was made by the chief of police on account of the exceedingly hilarious New Year's celebration demonstration which was taking place.

The following morning (New Year's day) we were received officially at the city hall by one of the alderman who took us over what is said to be the most beautiful modern building in Europe. This building cost one million and a half dollars and was some eight years in building. The thing which impressed me

most was the spotless cleanliness of all the rooms and hall. That afternoon we were received by the directors of the New Glyptothek, which is a magnificent building filled with a splendid collection of Egyptian, Greek and Roman sculpture as well as many modern works.

In the evening we were given a reception which was exclusively for members of the peace party, under the auspices of the Danish committee at what is known as the Old Glyptothek Club. This beautiful building was the original home of the collection of art treasures which had been presented to the city by one of its richest brewers.

At this reception speeches were made by Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones and Judge Lindsay for our party. Others were made by members of the Danish committee. This reception was attended by members of the nobility and by leaders of the intellectual life of Denmark. Nothing more than the heartiness of this reception was needed to assure us of our welcome in Denmark.

The following evening two meetings were held, one under the auspices of the Progressive Club, at which Mrs. Mae Wright Sewell was the chief speaker; the other under the auspices of the Boden Reform League, at which Mrs. Josie Fells, Mr. Judson King of Washington, D. C., Mr. John E. Berry of San Francisco, and myself were the speakers.

The following evening a banquet was given at the Palace Hotel by the members of the Danish committees who had assisted in organizing our reception. About three hundred were in attendance. An enjoyable part of the program was the singing by Mr. Peter Cornelius, the King's Kammarsanger, who also sang at the reception at the Old Glyptothek.

The managers of the Exposition expected it would be necessary for us to go by steamer from Copenhagen to the Hague. A steamer was chartered at the cost of $50,000. One-half of this amount was insurance on the vessel. I do not believe more than one or two of the party would have refused to have gone by sea. I do not know absolutely who was responsible for obtaining permission to go through Germany, but I do know that the representatives of the United States government were very anxious that we should avoid the dangers of going by sea. At any rate, the consent of the German officials was secured. It took us the whole of one day to secure the vising of our passports by the German and Dutch Council. Each member of the party had also to obtain an extra photograph which was deposited with the German Council.

On Tuesday afternoon the editors of the Politiken, which is the most influential newspaper in Scandinavia, gave us a reception in the beautiful hall which is on the top floor of the newspaper building. A number of speeches were made on this occasion. The most interesting one was made by Baron Rosencranz, a member of one of the old Danish families who, in his speech, very carefully analyzed the sources of opposition to our mission and illustrated by historical examples from missions similar to ours, what had been encountered.

We had two extra days in Copenhagen because our plans had been made with the expectation of taking the sea trip, which would have consumed about three days. During these two days a number of receptions were given by different people in the city at private homes, where opportunity was given to explain to a considerable number of people the purposes of our expedition.

We left Copenhagen Friday morning, January 7th, at 9:30. A very large crowd was at the station to see us off. There was the singing of songs and cheering. We had not expected any such demonstration and were more than surprised to find great crowds of people on the bridges and along the railroad waiting for us, waving their handkerchiefs and cheering as we went by. We went by rail and water to Warnemundi, where we were received by German army officials, our passports were examined and we boarded a German train, which took us through Liebick, Hamburg, Bremen to Bentheim.

As we had carefully complied with the requests of the German officials not to take any printed matter with us through Germany, and in every other way endeavored to fulfill to the letter their requirements, there was no special inspection of our baggage or searching of our persons, as is done usually in the case of private individuals entering Germany at the present time.

At Bentheim we changed to a Dutch train. Two hours had been allowed in the train schedule by the Dutch officials. At the last moment they decided to waive the examination so we had a two hours' wait at Oldenzall.

We arrived in Amsterdam about 9 o'clock, where we breakfasted; about 11 we arrived at the Hague. On arrival there we were taken at once in charge by the large Dutch committee, the chairman of which was the very efficient and capable Madam Ramondt. The station itself had in it a large number of tables and we were served light refreshments. After that a member of the Dutch parliament gave us a cordial welcome to Holland. The committee had secured the services of a large number of young ladies, who distributed to us our assignments to various hotels.

On Saturday and Sunday evenings two very largely attended receptions were given us under the auspices of the Dutch committee, which were attended not only by citizens of the Hague but by a good many people from other parts of Holland.

On Monday night a great meeting was held in the hall of the large building at the Zoological Garden. The meeting was attended by at least 2,500 people. None of the addresses which were made in English were interpreted because of the fact that so many people in Holland speak our language. The addresses given by Scandinavians were interpreted in English by Baron Valleen, who was one of the most delightful and enthusiastic members of the Swedish delegation. Speakers at this meeting represented America and the four Scandinavian countries.

The following night another great international meeting was held in the same hall. There were not as many at this meeting as those only came who could understand English, but it was a very enthusiastic and responsive audience.

The following day the entire party went to Amsterdam, where they visited the great museum which contains so many of Rembrandt's pictures. In the evening another international meeting was held. This was one of the most dramatic meetings of the entire series. Mr. Holenburg, a Danish artist, in the course of his address sought to make the point that war is a kind of murder, and in doing so quoted the state-

ment of a French soldier who had told him that when he killed a man at long range he felt a hero, but when he killed him close at hand he felt a murderer. A Frenchman in the audience immediately called out "A German lie," and for a few moments the situation looked quite serious. However, Madam Ramondt, who presided, in a few quick incisive words in the Dutch language took command of the situation. In a few minutes the storm subsided and then Madam Ramondt told the speaker to go on, which he did without further interruption. Afterwards the Frenchman, who interrupted, said that he had misunderstood the point and apologized.

The following night at the Hotel Wittebrugge, the Hague, a banquet was given to the committees and others interested. There were more brilliant speeches made on this occasion than on any other, as we had the opportunity of calling upon the representatives of five nations. However, the address which thrilled the audience was given by Dr. Aked of San Francisco.

The following night a great meeting was held in Rotterdam. We left the Hague on the electric train at 3:30 in the afternoon. We were received on arrival in the cafe of the station of the electric railroad, where with characteristic Dutch thoroughness each individual member of our party was introduced to the large reception committee. After that short speeches were made by Mrs. Mae Wright Sewell and Thomas Selzer of New York. After dinner, served to us by the Rotterdam committee, we went to the large hall of what is known as the Archer Club. This club comes down from very ancient times. The hall is one used principally for symphony concerts. It seats about 2,000 people and was crowded. I will only take space to mention the speech made by Baron Valleen, of the Swedish delegation. To me it was one of the most inspiring addresses that I heard on the entire trip. In it he emphasized the moral and spiritual values that were involved in our mission, and in beautiful English he confirmed the value of idealism in shaping and moulding the world's thoughts and then he told us that real peace, lasting peace, would come when each man saw in every other man the divine which was in himself. It was a fitting close to a great series of meetings. Dr. Jones of Chicago made a very effective speech. At the close of the meeting as he was going to the station he addressed a soldier, asking him the way to the station. The soldier gave him his directions and then said: "I want to tell you that every soldier in Holland feels exactly as you do," and he personally expressed great sympathy with our mission.

This Rotterdam meeting closed our pilgrimage. Some of our party sailed the previous Tuesday on the Noordam. Some were to remain at the Hague; about sixty of us, including newspaper correspondents and office help, sailed on the Rotterdam, Saturday evening, January 15th.

We carried our message to Europe and were heartily and enthusiastically received in the four capitals of the neutral countries.

We held in each country a series of meetings devoted to the cause of peace, which aroused and stimulated interest in Europe generally in our cause. Our third object was to gather in each country a group of people to go with us. From Norway we took a group of its leading citizens. The delegation had for its chairman Mr. Loekon, attorney general for Christiania. The Swedish delegation was headed by Burgomaster Lindhagen, who has been the chief executive of Stockholm, and for seventeen years a member of the Swedish parliament. The Danish delegation had for its chairman Mr. Otto Forchammer, president of the Danish Peace Society and one of the leading peace workers in Scandinavia. The Dutch delegation was in the process of forming when we left. In all probability the chairman of it will be Dr. Vaneden, who is recognized as one of the intellectual leaders in Holland at the present time.

These delegations are taking great care in selecting the members of the "continuing conference for mediation," which will probably sit at Stockholm as that city has issued an official invitation to the conference.

The peace pilgrimage, in spite of sneers and jeers, accomplished its missions. It was composed of serious minded people, who were intensely in earnest. They made some mistakes as all people will who attempt to do things, but they always kept the main purpose for which they went to Europe, in mind. Those that associated themselves with them were thoughtful, serious people who represent, I am sure, the great passionate longing of the masses of people in Europe for peace.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERBY.

Editor UNITY:

That hysterical production known as "The Battle Cry of Peace" has just reached some of the smaller cities of Western New York, and Jamestown has recently been enduring a three days' siege of this motion picture so carefully and subtly planned to arouse more motion, emotion and commotion of an unwholesome nature. "The Battle Cry of Peace" is particularly well adapted to incite a false and cheap patriotism to deceive the unreflecting and to bring into disrepute those courageous souls who in the face of ridicule and contumely are laboring for the sanity of our beloved country. To a city composed largely of factory operatives, who by virtue of necessity cannot stop long enough to think, "The Battle Cry of Peace" with its lurid ghastliness is a veritable menace, and victims thereof do not follow to the only logical conclusion possible, viz., that after being shown (by the pictures) the unspeakable havoc wrought by the big guns and air fiends, Americans are actually being urged to support the Hellish work of creating more devils to demolish and maim, and corrode and this under the guise of "preparedness"! Were this so-called "preparedness" genuine the crime would not be so great, but to insult the already exploited laboring man and woman with the thinly veiled commercial scheme which underlies this pseudo "preparedness," to cheat with screen statements concerning "enemies" which have never materialized, to lure the victims into the meshes of "big business" under the cloak of "preparedness," this indeed is the acme of cowardly enterprise.

The little tow headed baby, warrior in embryo, who during a lull in the battle (?) turned to me with, "I like the war pictures best," spoke more eloquently and alas! more sadly than he knew.

SARA GERTRUDE HARRINGTON.

Jamestown, N. Y., Feb. 8, 1916.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

A WORD FROM THE TRENCHES

According to a wounded officer, a day before one of the big attacks a curious thing happened. A board was hoisted in the German trenches bearing the inscription:

"The English Are Fools."

No one wasted a bullet on such poor abuse. The board went down and reappeared with the addition:

"The French Are Fools."

It was ignored by the British. Then the board came up again with a third line:

"We Are All Fools."

A lively interest was now awakened in the board. On its last appearance it bore the inscription:

"Why not all go home?"

—*Manchester Guardian.*

NEW YORK PRISON EXHIBIT.

The first traveling exhibition on prisons, jails and related subjects was held January 10-22, 1916, in the exhibit halls of the Russell Sage Foundation, 130 East Twenty-second Street (corner Lexington Avenue), New York City, under the auspices of the Joint Committee on Prison Reform, Mrs. Francis McNeil Bacon, Jr., Chairman, and Alexander Cleland, Secretary, 105 West Fortieth Street, New York City.

Working devices, models and a varied color scheme suggesting Joseph's coat will be features of the exhibit, in addition to the motion pictures of Auburn, Great Meadow and Sing Sing.

The topics:

Sing Sing Must Go.
Industrial Prison Farms.
State Prisons.
Prison Industries.
Prison Administration.
Reformatories.
County Jails.
Women Delinquents.
Feebleminded.
Tramps and Young Offenders.
Indeterminate Sentence and Probation.
Parole and the Released Prisoner.

The New York City correction exhibit from the Panama-Pacific Exposition was shown.

The exhibition will be given also in the following cities:

Rochester, February 14-19—Convention Hall Annex.

Syracuse, February 28 to March 4.

Albany, March 13-18—State Educational Building.

Department of Surveys and Exhibits of the Russell Sage Foundation.

Religious Education, the journal of The Religious Education Association, announces the coming annual meeting of that association at the Congress Hotel in Chicago, February 28, 29, March 1, 1916, and states that that meeting will consist of

A conference on "The Relations of Instruction in Religion to Public Education," based upon investigations into present day experiments in weekday religious instruction, accredited bible study, parochial training, religious exercises in public schools, and the present status of moral training in public schools.

It is announced that the meetings will be open to all and such meetings will include department conferences which will specially consider Sunday Schools, Bible in Colleges, Churches and Pastors, Theological Seminaries and Training Schools.

The general method of such conference will be to have a certain topic for discussion at each session with subtopics.

At the first session the general subject is "Primary Considerations on the Relation of Instruction in Religion to Public Education." The sub-topics are

1 Some data on the relation of the public schools and religious education.
2 Do the present plans endanger our religious liberties?
3 Attitude of the Jews toward weekday religious instruction.

Beginning with the second session in the afternoon of Monday, February 28, the discussions will be grouped around these titles:

Practical Problems.
The State and the Child.
Curricula and Teachers.
The Question of Credits.
Business Session.
Moral Training and Instruction in Schools.

We print above simply the general topic for each session but anyone wishing a full program will receive it by applying to The Religious Education Association, 332 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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THE WAY THEY HAVE NOT TRIED.

"The Christ has failed!" the cynics cry:
"His way of love is wrong!
'Tis hate that rules, and each must try
To prove himself the strong.

There is no peace on earth," they say,
"And good men all are harmed;
The thieves and wolves climb o'er the way
To spoil the folks unarmed.

No nation thrives that cannot fight
And for its own folk care;
See, how the weak are put in plight!
Come, let us all 'prepare!'

The world is plunged in blood and woe,
This is the *human* way;
There is no fact in life to show
That love is strong alway.

Yes, Christ has failed, and hate must rule,
The strong will be supreme!
The meek are weak, a friend is fool,
His love, it does but seem."

But *has* Christ failed? *Is* hate to rule?
While love is still alive,
Say thou not so! The cynic's drool
Comes from his fear to strive

With the Great Love that cannot fail.
The nations, purified,
Shall yet arise to seek the Way,
The Way they have not tried.

Youngstown, O. F. M. BENNETT.

PRAESTANTIA.

Who gazed upon the king could scarcely deign
A glance at him wrapped in his hermit weeds;
When David's harp sent forth its heavenly strain,
Earth's minor chords were piped on broken reeds!

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You can call it either charity or advertising, it makes no difference to us as long as we accomplish the results we are after, but we will give fifty pounds of coal free every day, as we have for the past three winters, on presentation at any of our yards listed below of our coal certificates, which may be had from any Physician, Minister, Priest, Rabbi, Newspaper, the Salvation Army, the Volunteers of America, Associated Charities, the Visiting Nurses' Association, any Woman's Club or Charitable Organization. And we give it freely without any fuss or foolishness.

Last year we distributed 70,720 fifty pound lots of Consumers coal. You may call them advertising samples or charity just as you choose. In either event we *know* that we kept 70,720 *families warm.* This is our Christmas offering and in this manner *we propose to make Christmas last all winter.* If we profit by it later—when these good folks are in position to become *paying* customers, you won't care, will you? We think not.

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President

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3322 Racine Ave., Lake View 5594
7476 Rogers Ave., Rogers Park 314
Lincoln Ave., and Grace Street, Lake View 547
Division and Hooker Sts., Superior 1540
1240 Belmont Ave., Lake View 3456
936 North Branch St., Superior 6117
Foot of So. Water St., Randolph 2125
1100 N. Halsted St., Dock, Superior 300

NORTHWEST SIDE

1733 N. Kildare Ave., Belmont 7657
1800 N. Crawford Ave., Belmont 3456

Location and phone Number—

2915 N. California Ave., Monticello 2613
4553 Armitage Ave., Belmont 6839
1769 Milwaukee Ave., Humboldt 357
3801 Milwaukee Ave., Irving 22

WEST SIDE

Kedzie Ave. and Kinzie St., Garfield 3456
342 N. Oakley Ave. West 443
Wood St. and Carroll Ave. West 246
2512 West Fulton St. West 1223
Kenton and Park Ave. Austin 37

SOUTHWEST SIDE

Blue Island Ave. and Wood St., Canal 1515
18th and Sangamon Sts. Canal 1737
18th Place and Western Ave. Canal 500

Location and phone number—

SOUTH SIDE

44th and Federal Sts. Armour [Ave.] Kenwood 3456
71st St. and S. Chicago Ave. Stewart 4567
1311 State St. [team track] Calumet 917
26th St. and So. Park Ave. Calumet 3799
61st St. and Blackstone Ave. [Wash. Ave.] Hyde Park 131
34th St. and Racine Ave. Yards 890
35th and Normal Ave. Yards 2841
35th and Federal Sts. [Armour Ave.] Douglas 3103
47th and Normal Ave. Yards 632
59th and Wallace Sts. Wentworth 1076
54th St. and Lake Ave. Midway 3456